This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Linley. - Musical Cynics of London. 1862.

2 0.125

Digitized by Google

23458.20.125

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MUSICAL CYNICS

OF

LONDON,

A Satire

(SKETCH THE FIRST),

BY

GEORGE LINLEY.

LONDON:

G. BUBB, 167, NEW BOND STREET.

1862.

ENT STAT. HALL.

PRICE 1s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

23458.20.125

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Digitized by Google

MUSICAL CYNICS

OF LONDON.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure—Critics all are ready made.

BYRON.

Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly with their matchless art;
Rules for good writing first with pains indite,
Then show us what is bad by what they write.

CONGREVE.

FROM some lone swamp, some noxious spot of earth,
Where only pois'nous reptiles have their birth,
This Thing, corrupt in body as in mind,
A walking Upas, pest of human kind,
First crawled to light, devoid of soul or heart,
Foredoom'd to act the spiteful Cynic's part.
Some may remember when to London came
This awkward stripling, zealous for a name,
A crop-eared Puritan, of slender sense,
Of little learning, though of great pretence;
With pocket-money savings got together
To serve in time of need, or stress of weather,
With eager longing to increase his store,
To ape the pedant, though unskilled in lore,

Digitized by Google

He gained a corner, at so much per diem,
In that dull Newspaper, the Athenæum;
Or, as Sir Bulwer Lytton writes it, Assenæum;
A paste and scissors Journal, that Joe Miller
Had likened, aptly, to a caterpillar,
Upon the fresh, green leaves for ever feeding,
To save a vast amount of time and reading;
Emasculating other men's fat volumes,
To interlard their own lean, starving columns:
Sculpture, the Drama,
Poetry and Painting,
Architecture, Music,
All by turns attainting;
Abusing Actors, Dancers, Fiddlers*, Singers,
With edge-tools playing till they cut their fingers:
Lying to serve some protégé or friend,
Condemning what they cannot comprehend;
Vain, ignorant, and prejudiced, to Truth averse,
A public nuisance, and a private curse!

'Tis said, in this Review he vested his small gains,
And part-proprietor became of all—but brains;
"Three joined in one," from then his motto shone—
Bard, Publisher, and Printer, all in one.

O! envied Critic! born to make a noise!
Presiding Deity o'er beardless boys!
Whom scented Dowagers, long-waned, admire,
When their Apollo strikes the tuneful lyre;

* Vieuxtemps and Sivori, the violinists, are remarkable for always playing in tune—Ernst the reverse; yet the musical critic in the Athenæum always abused the former and praised the latter.

Digitized by Google

Whom hungry fribbles praise, when hired to dine,
Applaud his verses, and imbibe his wine;
Mayhap we'll prove, howe'er the Cynic curse,
His poetry's *not* verse at all, but prose—and *worse.*
Yet who that e'er beheld him in his chair,
That chair, so rich, so stuff'd with *real* horse-hair,
Whose gaze hath been but for an instant thrown
On that majestic, ample-folded gown,
With tassels twisted careless round the waist,
Who would not there discern the man of taste?
Who would not thank the Gods for an invite
To be the guest of such a Sybarite?

Good Reader! has it ever been thy luck
To feast off haunches with so great a Buck?
Hast ever heard him on the accordion play
The Hymn of Luther, or Auld Robin Gray?
Imagin'd him a lover, 'neath some star,
Twanging—"Oh! listen to my wild guitar!"
An instrument he plays to please his pets,
Though oft he's sorely troubled with the frets.
'Tis rumoured (falsely) he's given up guitarring,
And from Tom Sayers learns the art of sparring.
In this he's wise; why should not a play-writer
Learn stage-effect, and practise as a fighter?
We live in such contentious, ticklish times,
A lunge might serve him better than his rhymes.

But not for him's decreed the warrior's wreath,
Whose voice is gentle as the summer's breath;
Who, seated, maiden-like, at his tambour,
Dreams not of glory gained where cannons roar,

Digitized by Google

Devoting all the precious, fleeting hours,
To work in Berlin wool dun Cows and Flow'rs,
How well the occupation suits the mind
Of such a Molly—emblem of his kind!
His arms and crest embroider'd should be seen,
Skull rampant, rather thick, vert baize between.

Time-honored Host! Saints! keep him long in health.
Though he lack wit, he boasts some show of wealth;
And, after dinner, Grace perhaps he spares,
Steals gently on the little dears up stairs,
And sings, with still, small voice, *not* one of his own airs!
Great Sultan of the Press! whose orthodoxies
Ensure the best of seats, and private boxes,
Didst ever sit to hear them cry "Amen"
To one of those bright sallies from thy pen?
One of those stage prescriptions, trite, not terse,
Like the Newcastle Doctor's, writ in verse?
For spleen or ague not a good specific,
Though sure and certain as a soporific.

O! melancholy day! when Muses weep,
When Pit and Boxes nod or fall asleep:
Such the result of thy sad piece, *White Magic**,
Meant to be funny, but, alas! how tragic!

---

* *White Magic*: an Operetta, in two Acts, the music by Emanuel Biletta, performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, March 17th, 1852, with the result before stated. The Cynic,

Deterred by fear or shame,
Did *not* reveal his name.

Digitized by Google

Though an Italian did with music cram it,
The Audience, seldom wrong, thought fit to damn it.
Had such ill fate some brother Author mark'd,
Thou art the Dog that loudly would have bark'd;
And at thy post well fatten'd and well fed,
Wouldst joy to know a rival's heart had bled.
The Public always judged thy works a flam*,
And Jerrold said they were not *worth* a damn.†

Throughout the week may busy critics labour,
Or play the fool, or dance to pipe and tabor;
Invent, or lie, or laud, or fawn, or flatter;
Write up the greatest dolt, or dunce—no matter;
Condemn a play unseen, a book unread;
Accept a bribe, and call it daily bread;
Mis-like, mis-use, mis-judge, mis-quote, mis-guide,
To make the black appear the whiter side;
With hearts that feel no qualm, assassin-like,
Conceal'd beneath a mask, their victim strike:
But though they do so six days out of seven,
They're Saints on Sunday—Candidates for Heav'n.

---

* *Old Love and New Fortune:* an indescribable piece, which threw the entire neighbourhood of the Surrey Theatre, where we believe it was performed for one night, into consternation.

† *Duchess Eleanour:* a Tragedy, in five Acts, first performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Monday, March 13th, 1854. Of this Drama the modest author says, "it in no respect aspires to the dignity or correctness of *a* historical Play, and that the archives of Ferrara (where the scene is laid) might be searched long and late, without their yielding the traces of *any Duchess Eleanour like mine.*" We believe it.

Digitized by Google

BALLAD,

Sung by an Outsider in the Vicinity of Belgrave Square.

The Sabbath bells are ringing,
  The rime is on the spray;
I mean not rhyme that Chorley writes
  (To take one's breath away);
The sky is clear and cloudless,
  The air is crisp and keen,
Unlike the maudlin articles
  In Dilke's dry Magazine.
We hear the orange-woman's cry,
  In yonder quiet street,
Reminding us of Chorley's voice,
  So high, and yet *not* sweet.

There's skating on the Serpentine,
  And thither we are bound;
What if H. F. should venture there?
  What if he should be drown'd?
The very thought is harrowing,
  That such a fate should follow,
And Farrance with ice-cream serve up
  A remnant of Apollo.
We must no longer loiter here,
  Whate'er his end may be,
To quote from Johnny Gilpin's tale,
  "May we be there to see."

'Tis Sunday night, the evening service hath commenc'd,
The stars, like diamonds, round the moon are fenc'd,

Digitized by Google

The nearest clock eight heavy notes hath toll'd,
The streets look uncongenial, still, and cold,
So cold, that letter A on the policeman's collar
Shines, like to frosted silver, or a dollar.
Within yon sacred pile a lofty strain ascends,
The prayers are done, the prosy sermon ends;
The Devotees (chiefly of female sex—
Let not allusion to their weakness vex—)
Are gliding out, and muffling up their necks,
Those necks so swan-like, as some bards would write,
Must never be exposed to wintry night;
Those throats so well developed, full and round,
That late emitted such a tuneful sound,
Must guarded be; and damsels, ere they go,
Obtain the arm of some attending beau;
In little knots they stand, the Preacher praise,
Then one and all depart their different ways.

In a small house, *small* for that famed locality,
Hemm'd in by those H. F. calls "Fools of Quality,"
Six ancient, pious dames,—two dames of title too
('Tis strange that he should dignities pooh, pooh),
Sit in six chairs, as easy as can be,
Sipping from tiny cups fine Pekoe tea;
Wax candles burn in many a branch's height,
Spreading a stream of artificial light;
While noble mansions near look dim and hazy,
The literary Spark's is literally *blazy*.

The daily news, belles-lettres, fashions, scandal,
Authors, composers, Gounod, Gluck, and Handel,

Digitized by Google

Those essays seven, the Seven Sons of Mammon,
Biology and every sort of gammon,
Engage the matrons and their host profound,
Till the last cup of tea has circled round.

From his chair he arose, where he'd doz'd and half [slept,
Sang "Down by the waters of Babel we wept,"
In a voice that, had Salem's sad daughters been there,
They would, at his song, have wept tears of despair.

As compliments follow the vilest of singers,
The Bard only bowed, offered one of his fingers
To dear Lady B. who's a Saint in her way,
And requested her Ladyship kindly to play.
"I would willingly play, but I'm not quite the thing;
"Still, if *you* will accompany, gladly I'll sing."
She simpers, he flatters, his praises she gorges,
Then warbles, with voice quite divine, "Pious orgies."
Oh! never were souls so absorbed, so emotional!
Never was evening more dull—more devotional.

BALLAD,

Sung by an Insider, in the Vicinity of Belgrave Square.

My guests are gone—'tis pleasant
Sometimes to be alone;
The sky, that late was thick with stars,
Can scarcely boast of one.
The fire looks bright and tempting,
And that's enough for me;
There's Booth's full proof in yon gray-beard,
So, jolly I will be.

Digitized by Google

In this arm-chair snug seated,
  I'll finish up the night,
And taste that creature comfort,
  Ofttimes my sole delight.

I'm like the Friar of Orders Grey,
  I crave for something nice:
Those evening prayers and psalmody
  Do scarcely me suffice.
I want some fresh excitement,
  So, Felix, Boy* ! come forth;
The Prince, the Pride of Cynic's Hall
  Knows well thy power and worth.
If I had one who hates me,
  A rival scribbler here,
I'd pound him in my mortar,
  Without a sigh or tear.

Sleep reigns o'er all, e'en cankerous Cynics doze,
When tired-out Nature sighs for soft repose†;
With Booth's sweet cordial now his head hath bowed,
And balmy dreams his slender sense enshroud.

---

* The Poet is here imagined to invoke the Spirit of the late Sir Felix Booth.

† At one of the concerts given by the Musical Society of London at St. James's Hall, the musical Critic of the Athenæum was discovered fast asleep, snoring, under the balcony, and this too during the performance of a celebrated instrumental morceau. As Members only are admitted, the Superintendent of the room, naturally enough, imagined that some drunken fellow from the streets had gained entrance, and, voting him a nuisance, took the sleeper by the shoulders and stoutly shook him; at which the astonished Critic, starting to his feet, and looking daggers at the intruder, squeaked, with a voice something like an Indian yell, "*Do you know who I am?*"

Digitized by Google

The subject of an opera great Alfred gave*,
Now bears him far across the Adrian wave;
The gondola, lagooning, glides along,
He hears in distance the rude boatman's song,
Beholds the sea-girt palaces that rise
In Venice, famed for many a bold emprise,
The scene alike of masquerades and mimes,
And other things that do not suit our rhymes.
Yes, here at Venice, with the Doge Faliero,
For this night only, domiciles our hero.
The sequel to the sketch at which we've hinted,
Ere long, in Drury's play-bills will be printed:
The Cynic ever waiting with his pen is,
So, look out, Reader! for the Brides of Venice.

DIGRESSION.

The Parson in his pulpit,
  The Critic in his chair,
Assumes, in his vocation,
  A self-important air:
No matter what he preaches,
  His flock has no reply;
And so, the lying Scribbler
  His victims may defy.

Oh! could one mount that rostrum,
  Upon that seat sit down,
Some points might be disputed,
  Some arguments o'erthrown;

* Alfred Bunn, late Manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane —of whom, more anon.

Digitized by Google

For 'tis in vain to argue
With this pragmatic pair,
Unless in that same pulpit,
Unless in that same chair.

Though doctrines het'rodox the former preach,
He's fairly out of any Layman's reach:
Old heresies he may fresh cook, or dish up,
Beguile Beelzebub, defy the Bishop,
Until the ground at last he over-marches,
And finds himself within the Court of Arches;
Which, in its way, is not a Bridge of Sighs,
Though ev'ry pillar, like the Judge, *arch*-wise.
Once there, the matter comes to this,
He's mulcted, or gets tickled well by Twiss.
The patient Flock may thus their Pastor catch;
In Phillimore and Co. he meets his match.

Not so the Critic, the small man of letters,
Who bullies ever and brow-beats his betters,
Who thinks himself secure in his redoubt,
Though sometimes forced to keep a sharp look-out.
Some instances there *have* been, tho' they're rare,
Of Actors bearding wolves within their lair,
Not wasting time in parley with the sinner,
But simply appetizing him for dinner,
By rousing up the literary Hack
With a stout cudgel laid upon his back*.

---

* A Bully of the Press, on the Age newspaper, some years ago, was severely cudgelled by the late Charles Kemble, for a piece of scurrility inserted in that vile journal.

Digitized by Google

'Tis true, the Law, with some undue pretence,
Regardeth such attack as an offence;
But this, in Jurisprudence, is a flaw;
Get it amended, ye who mend the Law!
Let it be Justice, when such knaves bespatter ye,
To serve rejoinder with assault and battery.
If you reply by pen, your words he'll garble;
You'd better reason with a piece of marble.

Behold! a greater than the former twain,
The portly Manager of Drury Lane!
A Gentleman at Arms, an Author too,
Who often ventured the coy Muse to woo;
Tho' slandered, scoff'd at by the Punchinello,
Bunn was not merely leather and prunello,
But, as the phrase doth wag, a clever fellow;
His "Heart bowed down," and "Light of other days,"
Are equal to some Poetaster's lays;
And though reputed father to some rhymes
Might puzzle Lindley Murray, or the Times,
Compared with Chorley, it is *no* mis-nomer,
'Tis *not* pseudonymous to call Bunn—Homer!

The stage is full, rehearsal has begun,
Chorley and stick, R. H.—L. H., A. Bunn.
The Brides of Venice, as the tale doth run,
Were Virgins destin'd by the hand of Fate
To wed the self-same day, with dow'ries from the state;
But ere the damsels could get fairly married,
Some Adriatic Pirates off them carried;

Digitized by Google

But hot pursuit in scampavias and galleys
Restored tranquillity to cot and palace,
And each sad maiden, when her grief was over,
Was wedded in due form unto her lover.

This is the argumentum, Playwrights say,
To guide those who, without it, might be led astray:
Indeed, some opera-books that have been penn'd
Are so obscure throughout, from end to end,
One can't make out, from dialogue or plot,
What really *does* exist, and what does *not*.

On those fair Brides of Venice* then at length we [look,
Alas! for beauteous music to so bad a book.!
Well might the "Sad sea waves" have a sad tone,
When their sad Author listen'd to their moan!
Who, neither fair nor young,
With bardic phrensy sung
That, "he pined like a slave,
By the sad sea wave."

Though shallow some then thought the Critic's brain,
'Twas deep enough one salient point to gain;
Praised, flattered, toadied by this Janus, Bunn
Consented that his Opera should be done,

---

* The Brides of Venice, a grand Opera, in two Acts; music by Jules Benedict, and a preface by A. Bunn; performed, for the first time, on Monday, April 22, 1844, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Digitized by Google

And lent his skilful aid to make ship-shape
The anti-English gibberish of an ape:
But scarce could Bunn or Benedictus save
Those Brides of Venice from a watery grave;
For never, since Minerva oped her portal,
Was verse so clogged with earth—so *un*-immortal;
Time hath elapsed—the waves still lash the shore—
The managerial Lion is no more!
The scribbling Ingrate, to the service blind
That Bunn had wrought him, like one of his kind,
Turns round, and, with a loud, defiant bray,
Exults o'er his good Angel turned to clay,
Maligns him in his journal of the day*.

O! worse than Judas! when thy sands run low,
May others mercy then on thee bestow,
The mercy that thy venom ne'er did show!

In Paris, not a century ago,
According to Herr Schmidt and Berlioz,
A sort of epidemic then was raging
Twixt two Composers who were battle waging.
Great strife there was, sharp words were spoken,
But neither lance nor lancet broken;
'Twas but, in fact, two ardent music-shavers,
Who warred with semibreves and semiquavers;
Had they been youthful knights, in ancient armour,
The contest could not well have been much warmer.

* "The death of Mr. Bunn, the well-known manager, playwright, and author, which took place suddenly, at Boulogne, last week, claims a line here. He was active and energetic, but unscrupulous and unwise in all the three characters; and thus, though hard working, and, after his coarse fashion, zealous to catch "the Town," he did not succeed, because he did not deserve to do so."

Digitized by Google

One, as if pledged to some fair ladye-love,
Provok'd the contest, throwing down his glove;
Which of the two showed greater skill or pluck
(Maestro Piccini, or his rival Gluck),
'Twere hard to say, without being termed *one*-sided,
So equally was Paris then divided.
But Gluck was Victor. Now each hill and valley,
If we believe the Cynic and Charles Hallé,
Will ring, ere long, from Paris to the Po,
With that famed air of Orpheus, "Che farò."

Renownèd Gluck! who, with a giant's strength,
Produced great works within a moderate length;
Unlike some masters of the modern day,
Who love *long* measure, as the Psalters say;
Yet, at their Operas Grand—let no one scoff—
Pray only they may learn *when* to leave off.

Those who possess what learned Greeks call *nous*,
Who know the secrets of the prison-house,
Like Hamlet's Ghost, have failed not to peruse,
In Journals like the Illustrated News,
A fervent aspiration now and then
About these ancient Operas from Gluck's pen.

"When will the Lyric Stage" (which means F. Gye)
"Fresh laurels gain?" They mean "lose money by"
Orféo, Iphigénie, and Armide?
This is a grave and weighty theme indeed!
Because, *if* e'er produced, they'll *not* succeed.

Digitized by Google

We've tried it once, as did the French before,
And voted Orpheus slow—in short, a bore.
We'll lift the curtain, peep behind the scenes,
And show you what their aspiration means.

Five Operas Grand by Gluck—be not amaz'd!
The Athenæum's Critic paraphrased;
What *he* calls rendered into English. We shall see
How with the Paraphrast we can agree;
For 'tis the language of our native land,
A language which we Saxons understand.
We'll take Armida down this very night,
And show our Critic when he tries to write.

Obliging Guide and kind Instructor, he
Begins with large type—INTRODUCTORY.

"A volume—not a few paragraphs—could be written concerning "Armida"—so full *are* the subject, and its treatment, of anecdote and suggestion."

(Choice writing, this, even for the columns of the Athenæum!)

This short quotation from his prose is ample;
His verse is quite as good, and here's a sample.

(*Sung by Phœnicia, a female Attendant on Armida.*)

(Vide page 35.)

"Where is our foe?
"Let him lay down the spear
"Before her throne,
"As a distaff to be mended
"No need of blow,
"From her eye so austere
"One glance alone
"The fight straightway ended."

Digitized by Google

(*Another specimen, sung by Sidonia, an Attendant.*)

(Vide page 39.)

"Triumph is dear when the rude combat closes:
"All the more dear when 'tis triumph of lilies and roses."

In Act the Fourth, the Scene a Wilderness,
A Knight and his Companion in distress
Arrive before a cavern, with fierce monsters fight,
And with enchanted swords put them to flight;
But when the Demons vanish into air,
A scene enchanted—one where witches fair
The hours prolong
With dance and song,
Breaks on their wond'ring eyes,
And fills them with surprise.
These Nymphs and Graces, fed on fancy bread and [flow'rs,
For ever singing "Will you come unto the bow'rs,"
May lead the Knight of Denmark and his friend astray;
So, like two prudent warriors, they begin to pray
That Heav'n won't throw them in temptation's way.

(*Sung by the Knight of Denmark and Ubald.*)

(Vide page 143.)

"Let us keep on guard
"Against beauty and grace in their splendour,
"Nothing to resist will be more hard
"Than their sorcery tender."

To tempt them still, our Poet brings before us
The Phantom of Lucinda and a Chorus;

Digitized by Google

And from this trial, cruelest of all,
'Twill be a wonder if they do *not* fall.

(Sung by the Phantom of Lucinda and Chorus to the two Knights as before.)

(Vide page 147.)

" We dwell in the empire of faëry,
" With summer, with flower-odours airy ;
" There is not a leaf in our grove
" That breathes not of pleasure and love."

The Chorus brings down thunders of applause,
Then to the Knight a second phantom draws;
Melissa she is called, a maiden slender,
Who sings Andante in a strain so tender,
Calling on Ubald by their ancient loves
To mate again, and dwell like turtle doves.

(Sung by the Phantom of Melissa to Ubald.)

(Vide page 165.)

" Ah ! wherefore turn away
" From an Eden of love like ours ?
" Why not a moment stay
" In its cool quiet bow'rs ?

" A time there is to roam,
" And a time no more to wander,
" The joys of heart and home
" Do not come to the brave every day
" In even his proudest hours."

On the Knight of Denmark holding out the enchanted sword, Melissa vanishes, and Ubald, after declaring that her charming voice is but a cheat, takes part in the following Duet, which closes the scene.

Digitized by Google

(Vide page 170.)

UBALD. " Both have been near to sin
" Allured by magic sinning;
" But the fight we have sworn to win!
" So come away in haste,
" From this region too winning,
" Before our fatal doom is cast."

BOTH. " Come on! Love no longer shall bind us,
" We leave our delusions behind us,
" One hour more and lost we might be,
" If Angel did not set us free."
[*Exeunt Ubald and the Knight of Denmark.*

In Act the Fifth a palace we behold,
A scene for Beverley to glow with gold;
The brave Roland, by his fair Mistress charm'd,
Is chained in flow'rs—quite helpless—and disarm'd.
The Lady, though she has her lover safe,
Is still uneasy, and begins to chafe;
Has need of her black slaves for her black art,
So sings a Recitative before they part.

(Vide page 185.)

" RECITATIVE.

" Although for a moment here I leave you,
" I leave you not alone:
" For in our happy home
" The time to beguile
" With laugh, and song, and smile,
" Shall Loves and Graces come
" To deceive you." [*Exit Armida.*

Cruel Armida! to lay such a trap for her valiant lover, who is speedily surrounded by a Chorus of Loves and Graces, tempting him with song and dance.

Digitized by Google

(Vide page 192.)

" CHORUS.

" To the Temple beside Lethe river,
" Where the dance and the song are for ever,
" We invite all the tender and brave!
" Winter dare not come here,
" For June is all the year!"

The brave Knight is not fascinated by their singing, so a little Terpsichorean business is done after the usual conventional fashion.

" BALLET.

(Vide page 203.)

" Joyous youth, while the summer uncloses,
" Take your time—and rejoice in the roses!
" When the autumn shall come,
" The merry dance and the lay
" Will grow lame and grow dumb,
" Before the year hath passed away."

This is doubly offensive on the part of the Poet, who calls Roland a "joyous youth," all the while he is very miserable—says to him, "take your time"—Miss Lucy; and, forgetting that the Loves and Graces have just told him that "June is all the year," remarks, nearly in the same breath, "when the autumn shall come." The "joyous youth," however, in an Andante Movement, in G, answers their evasions in the following spirited manner.

(Vide page 206)

" AIR, ROLAND.

" Begone! and vanish from my sight,
" Creatures fair,
" To return with Armida returning,
" There's no delight
" When our Queen is not there,
" Nought can I care,
" In the long, weary, yearning."

[*The Spirits disappear.*

Digitized by Google

We've heard of long yarns that the Mariner spins,
When home to his neighbours returning;
But nothing in Crusoe, nor Colman's "*Broad Grins*,"
To equal this "long, weary, yearning."
Tho' to us, as Moore says, it seems incomprehensible,
" It may, as the rest, be yet fully as sensible."

The Knight of Denmark and Ubald, who have vowed to rescue Roland from the magic power of Armida, and wake him from his sensual love to nobler triumphs, find him alone, and, as Ubald says, " so fair a chance shall not go by," display the glittering shield, which has the desired effect. Roland tears off his garland, snatches the shield and the sword, and, after a Recitative, Scena, and Dialogue with Armida, resolves to lead a virtuous life, and tread the path to old renown, much to the annoyance and discomfiture of the fair Enchantress, who calls him " Craven," and with the vengeance of a fury threatens, first, " to rend his heart," " its life-blood drain," and then bids her Fiends " rise and exert their power," in the following.

" FINALE.

(Vide page 224.)

" The Paradise lay waste
" Where late was such enjoying,
" And bury in the ruin
" My shame for evermore."

The Spirits rise and destroy the enchanted palace. Armida takes flight in a magic car.

Digitized by Google

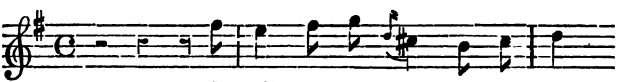
Armida abounds with false Accents.

Page 7 furnishes two examples.

12. " *By* upbraiding *and* by sighing"—two more.
15. " Why *of* a shade"—false accent.
22. " *The* dear delight"—ditto.
25 is a melancholy example!

" If at last I must own a Lord,
" And end my lonely story,
" It is only the spell of glory
" Can gild such a yoke abhor-*red.*"

Here we have the word "abhorr'd" (to rhyme with Lord), which should be *two* syllables, extended to *three*, with a strong accent on the last syllable;—thus musically placed:



Can gild such a yoke ab - hor - *red.*

Page 93. " *And in* form passing fair"—two false accents.
The conjunction *and* and the preposition *in* are both placed under minims.

111. " *A*gainst thy Foe"—another false accent.
114. " *Than* their sorcery"—ditto.
152. " Elves my call *do* obey"—another peculiarity of the Paraphrast occurring throughout all his works. He is a perfeet Epicure in the use of expletives.
161. " *To* the earth doth return."—The preposition *to*, under a dotted crotchet, is emphatically pronounced no less than four times. A Punster would add, " the Poet is continually turning up his *toes.*"
163. " Palace *of* deceit"—another false accent.
,, " *En*chantment *as* thine own"—two false accents.
,, " Set *be*fore me"—another false accent.
164. " *When* glory called"—ditto.
169. " Who *did* free me from my foe"—
,, " Where is gone the voice that *did* charm me"— } some-what peculiar

Digitized by Google

Page 177. " *The* more I dread it will not last"—false accent.
183. " *Shall* like the Sun"—false accent.
197. " *And* by night Philomel"—ditto.
207. " *To* return with Armida"—ditto.
" " With *Ar*mida returning."—Here, the first syllable, instead of the second, is accented. See what Critics can do!
209. " Hidden in *a* warm retreat."—We know a warm retreat to which this Poetaster should be speedily consigned.
210. " The pain of parting *from* Armida"—false accent.
213. " *From* the snare I must save you"—ditto.

Another grave sin we bring against the Adapter of Gluck's Operas; viz. a perfect disregard to end the *sense* (or rather the *non*-sense) with the strain.

Page 19. " I know that Hymen's chain" (at the end of the word chain we have five bars' rest, then follows the remainder of the sentence) " is tender."
90. " I cannot hate" (here is a crotchet rest)
" Him who is now my fate."

The following extract from the Spectator, No. 18, may be studied with great advantage by the Musical Critic of the Athenæum, and other Adapters of his class, who wage eternal war against common sense and accent.

" Our Authors would often make words of their own, which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretend to translate.

" I remember an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word:

'*And turned my rage into pity.*'

which the English, for rhyme sake, translated

'*And into pity turned my rage.*'

By this means, the soft notes that were adapted to Pity in the Italian, fell upon the word Rage in the English, and the angry sounds that were tuned to Rage in the original, were made to express Pity in the translation.

Digitized by Google

"It oftentimes happened likewise that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word *And* pursued through the whole gamut,—have been entertained by many a melodious *The*, and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*, to the eternal honour of our English Particles."

As we proceed, our labours multiply:
Fain would we rest and take a weed, or sigh;
But still the Poet's progress we must mark,
Though long the journey, though the course be dark.

Behold! within the Wizard's magic glass,
Iphigénie, the Royal Priestess, pass;
Another of Gluck's favourite dramas serious,
Half Scythian, Grecian, Grand, Mysterious,
With which some Germans long ago did weary us.

We will not follow in their dreary wake,
Nor tire you out, for mere description's sake;
We will adopt a newer, better fashion,
And silent be both on the plot and passion.

Methinks I hear the Cynic cry, "forbear!
"Cut up my *verses*, but my *accents* spare."
Our duty, like the Dentist's, is to ease him;
So we must draw another tooth—to please him.

Digitized by Google

Iphigenia contains the following false Accents.

Page 26. " *Of* awful doom."
27. " *Of* avenging Heav'n suspended."
37. " *That* Heaven may smile."
47. " If ye *have* power to kill."
56. " *Is* this more magic calm succeeding."
57. " *The* compassion of Heaven."
58. " Pow*ers* above!"
69. " *But* in my bosom's depths."
" " *Has* a resemblance strange."
82. " *To* utter moan."
" " *Of* mourner lone."
" " *In* thy tomb."
90. " *One* life I can prolong."
" " *And* he that doth receive it."
93. " I that must *the* victim choose."
95. " *And* dost thou dream."
" " *When* in contempt of Heaven."
110. " Ask*ed* your secret."
111. " *To* the rescue come."
" " *Or* partake of the doom."

The following mysterious lines occur in Iphigenia's Air, p. 115.

" O behold how I falter!
" And in adamant clothing
" My weak woman's breast,
" Goddess! thy strength bestow!"

Page 116. " *With* the sting"—false accent.
122. " *Let* tears and sighs"—ditto.
136. " *No* more delay"—ditto.
" " *Thy* pity smother"—ditto.
141. " *From* the earth be driven"—ditto.

Digitized by Google

Orpheus.

Before we wander through the Elysian Fields, a glance at the "Introductory" of the Musical Cynic will fully bear out the charity of that Scribe towards a Brother Translator, and account for that native modesty which pervades his general character.

"The opera book," says Mr. H. F. Chorley, "was translated "for France by M. Moulines, an unhappy play-wright not unknown "to French Theatres, but who seems to have been incapable of ap-"preciating either the old eternal story, or the somewhat Arcadian "verse to which Signor Calzabigi set it.

"Thus, it has not been easy, betwixt Italian and French copies, "to offer any equivalent in our own language, keeping, the while, "due respect for the music of Gluck. In paraphrasing the text, it "has been necessary to respect our usages of speech, without wrong-"ing the intentions of the musician."

Miserable M. Moulines!!
Captivating H. F. Chorley!!

Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus, is no more,
The sad funereal ceremony o'er:
Beside her tomb the weeping husband bends,
Surrounded by a troop of rustic friends—
Shepherds and Shepherdesses why not say?—
Who flow'rs strew round, and garlands on it lay.

The Lyre of Orpheus, as Liars all should be,
Is seen suspended from the nearest tree;
Tears must be shed, the Actors' hands be wrung,
Before the opening chorus can be sung;
The Poet, with a due regard to pity,
Tempts poor Eurydice with this sad ditty.

Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

(Vide page 6.)

"Ah! in our still and mournful meadow,
"Wife of Orpheus—let thy shadow,
"All unseen, contented hear
"How thy mourners, faithful hearted,
"Sad are wailing one departed,
"Who in death yet more than life is dear!"

Ah! well may Orpheus with amazement hear
A *dead* wife than a *living* one's more dear;
Another bard says, somewhere else, 'tis true,
That "distance lends enchantment to the view."
'Tis not for us the question here to try;
Its logic we will settle by and by,
Meanwhile the young chief Mourner makes reply.

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

(Vide page 8.)

ORPHEUS & CHORUS. "My Euridice!
"Hear in distress
"How weepeth heart bereaved!
"Nought remaineth to bless
"The youth by fate deceived.
"Like a lone bird how he plaineth,
"To whom remaineth
"No shelter in the wilderness."

After a little pantomimic music, the Shepherds and Shepherdesses bestrew the tomb with garlands, and renew their illogical

Digitized by Google

chaunt, till Orpheus, with a wave of the hand peculiar to stage gentry, sings the following

RECITATIVE.

(Vide page 14.)

ORPHEUS. "And now retire:
"I would alone indulge my woe,
"And, by men unobserved,
"Give my tears *vent to flow*."
[*Exit Chorus, slowly.*

In summer time, how grateful is a salad!
In operas grand, how charming sounds a ballad!

The Chorus gone, our Hero gets a chance
To sing a Quatrain of an old Romance.
The French and English *vis-à-vis* we place,
Moulines, "the unhappy play-wright," face to face
With Critic Chorley!—O! unheard disgrace!

ROMANCE.

(Vide page 16.)

M. MOULINES.

"Objet de mon amour,
"Je te demande au jour
"Avant l'Aurore.
"Et quand le jour s'enfuit
"Ma voix pendant la nuit
"T' appelle encore."

H. F. CHORLEY.

"Dearest, untimely gone,
"Thee do I call at dawn
"By grove and river;
"When noon hath ceased to burn,
"And Hesper doth return,
"Thee I mourn ever."

If we were Judges, called upon to say right,
We'd give a verdict for the "unhappy Play-wright."

Digitized by Google

The Romance of Orpheus begets great excitement in the singer's breast, h grows bold, and bullies the Pandemonium Committee in right good earnest.

RECITATIVE.—ORPHEUS.

(Vide page 19.)

" Ye frowning ministers of night,
" Who cower in caves below,
" Round the Monarch of shadows,
" Ye, who serving the awful Plu*to*,
" From your talons accurst
" My beloved I will tear.

" I will force down my way
" To the dungeon that holds her,
" And my cry of despair
" Shall your tyranny subdue;
" To shiver the chain that enfolds her,
" I will gladly dare the worst."

The Gods of the Upper House, moved by his tears, *not* his threats, send Love to befriend and tell him that he may recover his wife, if the gift of song have not left him; but, when she *is* restored to him, should he cast a single look on her, they will again be parted for ever. Orpheus, nought afraid, seizes his lyre, and sings the following

AIR,

(Vide page 30.)

" O Love, with hope thou dost arm me,
" Rapture and courage warm me,
" With such a thought to charm me,
" The powers of death will I brave.
" No Demon can fright, nor can harm me,
" No Monster of Hell disarm me,
" With terrors of the grave."

As is the custom, here the painted curtain drops,
And, for a time, the action of the drama stops.

Digitized by Google

The Second Act, with reverence be it said,
Begins among the regions of the dead;
A savage scene, with rocks where mists lie curl'd,
Some steps seen leading to the upper world,
The stage illuminated with a lurid glare,
No red, Fitz-Ballish fire, to make us stare;
Furies and Spectres dance till they perspire,
Orpheus descending, playing on his lyre.
Imagine, Reader! such a scene before us—
All Hell let loose to this infernal chorus.

CHORUS.—DEMONS AND FURIES.

(Vide page 40.)

"Who, through this awful place
"Thinking alive to pass,
"Rashly dares venture here—
"Looking in Death's cold face,
"Nor showing fear?"

The Furies perform several gesticulatory antics by way of Pantomime. Orpheus comes slowly forward, sings an Air, with Chorus, "O, in pity be moved by my grief," which so completely subdues the Powers of Darkness, that, with much feeling and politeness, they reply in an Allegro.

(Vide page 56.)

"Down let him go his way,
"Nought shall his journey stay."

The Infernals retire, and Orpheus descends into the cavern.

In that delightful residence beneath,
Where happy spirits, wandering after death,

Digitized by Google

Rich fields and groves, and shades, and streams, enjoy,
And purest pleasures that can never cloy,
Is seen the unquiet Shade, Eurydice,
Gliding along as graceful as may be.
Groups of slight figures, young and ancient dames,
Who had been stouter in their mortal frames,
Are dancing D'Albert's "Faust Waltz"—apropos,
So far as scene and situation go;
But, though the subject well may suit the clime,
'Tis sad confounding both of date and time—
Anachronistic say, to fit our rhyme.
Unless to make the matter more consistent,
The King of Dances had been pre-existent.

No matter, groups *are* moving to and fro,
Revolving on the light fantastic toe,
The circle skimming in the Milky-way,
Without, like Ellsler, making much display.
In short, these Spirits are most graceful dancers,
And not what Albert Smith has nicknamed *Prancers*.
If they the ground e'er touch at all 's a doubt,
So much like Gossamer they float about.

The waltzing ends with most spasmodic twirl,
Which throws the ancient Dames' wigs out of curl.
The younger Maidens, only flush'd with heat,
Sit down to cool upon the nearest seat,
Where we will leave them quiet, for a time,
To test the Athenæum Critic's rhyme,
Which would be grand and lofty, quite sublime,
Could it be purged of ev'ry gross desire,
A little process undergo through fire,

Digitized by Google

Be sublimated, as the chemists say,
H. F. would be the Poet of the day.

Eurydice crosses the stage, and sings the following Air, with Chorus. The words of this air, so greatly inferior to those of the "unhappy French Play-wright," require, we think, no comment.

AIR AND CHORUS.

(Vide page 65.)

"In this tranquil and lovely abode of the blest,
"From the earth *do* we dwell far away;
"Calm and eternal rest
"Because of its calm is gay;
"For the air, light breathing, can quiet
"Riot,
"Every flower-odour doth heal us—
"Steal us
"From remembrance too profound,
"And reigneth, in the place of sadness,
"Gladness,
"On this charmèd ground."

Eurydice withdraws, and Orpheus enters.

After a Recitative, Pantomime, and Chorus,

Eurydice, veiled, is introduced by the Spirits. Orpheus grasps her hand, without turning to look on her, and leads her away.

The Third Act is a wilderness, o'erspread
With trees, outside the regions of the dead.

Here Orpheus and Eurydice are seen
Wending their way among the bushes green.
He leads her onward gently by the hand,
Resolved to obey the Furies' dread command,

Digitized by Google

Nor look upon that face, however fair;
One glance would lead to ruin and despair.
So, acting on that stringent, binding clause,
His hand, that had grown warm in hers, withdraws;
At which—so woman-like, the female fashion—
Eurydice bewails, half grief, half passion:
" Was it for this I left the shades of death,
" To perish 'neath the coldness of your breath,
" More cold than any earth-born, icy brook?
" Not to be favored with one loving look?
" 'Tis more than even flesh and blood can bear!"
Here follows, then, the Prima Donna's air.

AIR.—EURYDICE.

(Vide page 101.)

" O Fortune destroying!
" Why with hate defying
" Didst grant an hour's enjoying,
" If but to betray?"

This question is very naturally put by the Unquiet Shade; and as one word generally begets another, the colloquy is carried on in the form of a

DUO.

(Vide page 103.)

EURYDICE. " Holy quiet, *enwound* me
" In the realm where you found me;
" Now anguish and doubting with life gather round me
" Wheresoever I *go*."

ORPHEUS. " My very heart is riven!
" My courage unforgiven!
" What anguish, what doubting.
" Rescued, she yet disclaims me;
" In vain have I striven!
" What need to further *go*?

Digitized by Google

What need indeed! especially as such incestuous rhyming as "*go*" and "*go*" is within the prohibited degrees of even a Grub Street poet. Orpheus is at length so worked upon by the pathetic appeals of Eurydice, that he exclaims, like all bewildered people:—

ALLEGRO.

(Vide page 108.)

"Where am I? How resist such a pleading as this?
"No! the Heavens have no right
"On a rack thus to bind me.
"My Eurydice, turn!"

And she *does* turn, and fall senseless at his feet. Orpheus calls long and loudly on his Consort, but

"She is cold, she is mute;"

and he resolves to seek once more the adamantine gate and rejoin his wife, and vows that his sword shall straightway cleave a passage to her arms.

This is a new idea, to suddenly furnish Orpheus with a sword, who, in a former act, overcame the Hell-dogs by the power of his voice and lyre. But perhaps he thought his second visit, in vulgar parlance, might elicit "a word and a blow," so, transformed his lyre into a sword, *not* after the theory of the Brights and Cobdens of our day. Be that as it might, Orpheus *is* described as drawing his sword passionately; and we *must* go by the text-book of Mr. H. F. Chorley.

Just at this juncture, comes—not mighty Jove—
But one who governs all below, above—
That wakeful, mischievous young urchin, Love;
Who, with a firm, authoritative air,
Cries out to Orpheus, "Friend! forbear! forbear!
"Desist the folly of such desperate deed!
"Behold! 'tis Love who now doth intercede;
"Thy truth and suffering shall rewarded be;
"Revive! revive! belov'd Eurydice!"

Digitized by Google

Here, in the hackney'd, old, convention'd way,
We come to the Denouement of the play:
The dead is rais'd; poor Orpheus, blind with fright,
Takes now a *second* look, a second sight
Of his still dear, but not his "dear departed"—
By this time, both their tears have started.—
Some Poet, Ball, or Fitz,
One of the rhyming wits,
Has somewhere said, "My only joy is grief:"
And theirs are tears of joy which bring relief.
Love gives a wave with a peculiar wand,
Which Property Men in theatres understand;
A sort of baton, very thin and tapery,
That seems to touch the heavenly clouds of drapery;
That raises or depresses, in an hour,
A Fiend, a Forest, or a Paphian Bow'r.
So wondrous seems this famous, fragile stick,
It must be kin to that which moved old Nick.
The way in which Love moves *his*, we wont dwell on;
'Tis after Jullien, Costa, Manns, and Mellon.
Yet, with that move, a Landscape, rich and bright,
A Temple in the back-ground springs to sight;
Shepherds and Shepherdesses,
Nymphs and Graces,
With really quite new dresses,
Show their faces,
And sing and dance, until the Gods above,
Just as the curtain drops, cry "Bravo! Love!"

Digitized by Google

Orpheus contains the following false Accents.

Page 16. " *By* grove and river."
„ " *And* Hesper doth return."
18. " *No* more distress."
29 " *And* the mere imagining,"
32. " With terrors *of* the grave."
39. " *Nor* showing fear."
48. " *And* for the insolent."
52. " *That* fury can disarm."
55. " *With* such a spell."
60. " *From* remembrance too profound,"
122. " *And* with odour strews the pall."

73. Another instance of disregard to sense and strain occurs. " From the river murmuring through" (here is a minim rest) " meadows of asphodel glowing."

There being but three of Gluck's five Operas published, we wait with much anxiety the appearance of the delayed numbers—although our impression is, that, in place of being *en*graved, they should be peaceably *en*tombed; for never were such libels on our language printed in the form of English Paraphrases.

We think we've proved our case, that Chorley's verse
Is bad as bad can be—nought *can* be worse!
A special treat, howe'er, remains for those
Who heed not Poetry, but relish prose.
His " Modern German Music*," long ago
In Cornhill published—Elder, Smith, and Co.—

---

* " Modern German Music: Recollections and Criticisms, by H. F. Chorley. London: Smith, Elder, and Co."

Digitized by Google

Displays, in volumes one in two combined,
More self-conceit, less feeling for mankind,
Than e'er defaced or stained the human mind;
His Gods are Doctor Liszt, Herr Strauss, and Hummel,
Beethoven, Spohr, Mozart, he strives to pummel.
Yet, all his folly, his fanfaronade,
One might forgive, if he had not display'd
Towards Beethoven such a fiendish glee,
Such insult to a good man's memory*.
Close the foul volumes where such falsehoods dwell;
We are consoled to know they do not sell†.

Lo! with the Cynic's works still groans our table,
Each in itself a vast Augean stable;

---

* "Beethoven's struggles with calamity," writes this heartless Critic, "resembled the ferocious strength and aimless impotence of "the writhings of an animal in torture"—that he was "immodo-"rate and brutal in his rage—false, fierce, niggardly, suspicious, "harsh, gross, trivial, melodramatic, paltry," &c. &c. That "there "was something of morbid distortion and moral obliquity in the "latter part of Beethoven's life. It has always seemed to me," continues this merciless Moloch, "a miserable thing, that, with "money in the Bank, the friend of so many Austrian noblemen and "Prussian princes, he should, almost in forma pauperis, have sued "a Society of *London Music-makers* for the benefaction which was "to provide him with food and fire, with a bed to die on, and a "mass to be sung over him."

Can fiendishness go further?

† It will be gratifying to those who have read, and as a matter of course been disgusted with, this work, to know that the entire stock was recently sold by public auction, and fetched only a miserable shilling per copy?

Digitized by Google

"Dinorah," "The May Queen," "The Amber Witch,"
"Black Domino," and "Holy Rood," a niche
Might claim, had they one ray possess'd,
One spark of genius brighter than the rest;
But dulness, error, pedantry, grimace,
False accents, expletives, throughout we trace;
Those heavy lines, that ever meet the eye,
Might e'en the strength of Hercules defy;
Alpheus' stream were scanty, not enough
To cleanse them of what Shakespeare calls "that
perilous stuff."
And this the kind of ware that Traders buy?
That Theatres to their Audiences supply?
Gods! 'tis a wonder that the stones keep quiet,
That they don't rise and make an O. P. riot,
To hear such fustian from a singer's lips,
To see one's language struggling through eclipse,
Because some miserable Grub Street hack,
Tacking the name of Critic to his back,
Some self-styled Censor, who, too vain to learn,
In others' works no merit can discern,
The ear of some great Manager has gained,
The purse of some rich publisher has drained.

This is the Cause why Merit's doomed to wait,
And daily shiver at Parnassus' gate:
While fellows, such as we have pointed out,
Whose skins should be rewarded with the knout,
Conceited elves, who dictate, who command,
Who prate of subjects they can't understand,
Are fêted, feasted, fuddled with champagne,
Till they be ripe to prostitute the brain.

Digitized by Google

Thus hath my Muse stroll'd leisurely along,
Through the dull pages of the Cynic's song.
" The task were far more chivalrous than wise,"
Methinks some craven-hearted milksop cries:
" Wage war against a Critic?—find a flaw
" In one perfection?—one whose word is law?
" The thing is monstrous!—Quixote-like doth seem;
" A wild chimera!—an Utopian scheme!"

Not so, I answer—boldly: come what may,
I risk the encounter, shrink not from the fray.
This snarling Censor, this great man of letters,
May requite me as he requites his betters;
The mock Colossus we may not unhinge,
But yet contrive to give him such a twinge,
That he'll remember well
The saying of the Crones—
" Ye! who within glass houses dwell,
Beware of throwing stones!"

FINIS.

PRINTED BY J. MALLETT, 59, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DEC 9 '60 H

~~JAN 5 '61 H~~

JUN 26 1983 ILL

7750504

CANCELLED

JUL 1983

Digitized by Google

23458.20.125
Musical cynics of London,
Widener Library 003297994
3 2044 086 849 312

Digitized by Google